

OCTOBER



PURPLE PARROT

VOLUME 19, NUMBER 1

20 CENTS

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YOU SAID IT

Parrot's Poetics

Ed. Note: Among the vast numbers of petitions which swamped the Parrot office was this pleasant ditty.

It is said, so I've heard,
That a very fine bird
By the name of The Parrot was moulting;
That not only his wings
Lacked in feathers and things
But his very fine head—how revolting!

Now the season has flown,
And his plumes have regrown
With the head, doubly brilliant, a thrill;
Let us hope there is yet,
Where the sun's last rays set,
A place in the bird for this quill.

—Harry Boetcher

Dear Editors:

You can't get away with this. I'm completely disillusioned. Where are all the dirty jokes? Where are all the Petty-like cartoons? Where are all the libelous cracks about professors? Are you going to break all unwritten laws of the so-called college "humor" magazines? How do you dare print well-written articles and interesting stories? And where in the world did you locate the fifteen jokes left that are still clean?

Frankly, I'm at a loss to understand this breach of tradition. You are defying all collegiate practice by publishing a really readable college magazine. Congratulations.

Sincerely,

A READER

PETITION PATTTER

Ed. Note: Excerpts from PARROT petitions.

BOB NELSON: "... I've experimented with about every sort of make-up possible and used every type face Hollister's have, so I believe that I can aid you ... With that training, Bob, you should be in Hollywood.

ROSANNE SMITH: "... I was editor of my annual, editor of the daily paper, and editor of the magazine in my high school of over four thousand students ... Pardon us while we retire. And we thought we were busy. Seriously, though, Rosanne, that's a wonderful record.

CONNIE BOOTH: "... My time will be largely free next year ... Don't say that, Connie, give the boys a chance.

COVER

Leicaphoto by Hal Davidson. PURPLE PARROT photo editor. Posed in the Huddle by Peggy Saxby, Willard Hall freshman; Jack van Petten, Phi Mu Delta pledge, and Forrest Shaw, Phi Kappa Sigma senior. Cover designed by Bob Cowan.

"... the three elements
of modern civilization:



1. gunpowder
2. printing
3. religion."—T. Caryle

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PALMER HOUSE EMPIRE ROOM

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and his orchestra

AND AN ALL-STAR FLOOR SHOW

THINGS TO DO

OCTOBER 13—Let's hope that superstition keeps no one away from the second open house of the season. Friday, 13th, has no bad omens—unless one stays away.

OCTOBER 13—All Greek mixer at Patten Gym. A Greek Letter Pin is the only badge needed for admission.

OCTOBER 14 — Farewell, Wildcats; "Bring home the bacon" while you're away. Hey, wait a minute, we're all agoin' with you to Columbus, Ohio. . . . Sophomores spend their leisure at conference at Lake Geneva.

OCTOBER 14—All-university picnic.

OCTOBER 20 — Union Building Open House. . . . Dads' Day pep session in Deering Meadow.

OCTOBER 21—Why not have Dads' Day mean just that? Bring Pop on out to the Wisconsin game and let him join the fun. Give him a taste of classes, too, in the first "School for Dads."

OCTOBER 25, 26, 27—Northwestern University Theatre presents "Tonight at Eight-thirty"—that gay sophisticated comedy by Noel Coward.

OCTOBER 27—And the sheep return to the fold! That means alums, old friends, and Willie the Wildcat (watch for him!) will be among those present at the Homecoming Frolics.

OCTOBER 28—Homecoming Game with the boys down-state. . . . Let's celebrate at Patten with a Homecoming dance — concessions 'n' everything.

NOVEMBER 3—N.A.I. Party at the Orington Hotel.

NOVEMBER 4—"Beat the Gophers" and that's what will happen in Minneapolis at the Minnesota game.

NOVEMBER 9—November Parrot appears.

NOVEMBER 10 — Sophomore Scandals at Patten Gym.

PURPLE PARROT

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S MAGAZINE OF COLLEGIATE LIFE

Volume 19

October, 1939

Number 1

A HAMMER AND COFFIN PUBLICATION

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The BY JEAN BARTELME CLOTHES LINE

I'VE HEARD TELL that it's never a good idea to dictate to a college gal about what to wear because nine times out of ten she has her own ideas and won't listen to you anyhow. But you can pass around a few suggestions, and if it's done in a subtle way, she might adopt them with that "knew about it all the time" air.

It would be sort of a smart idea to pay attention to some of the department stores, however, because during the hot and sweltery summer months (while you were basking on the beach), they employed some of us to tell 'em what the younger generation really likes. We told them plenty. For instance, we hinted around pretty strongly about how much we liked fur chubbies (at a price where our families could afford to be good natured about the whole thing). They reacted favorably with lots of lynx dyed white fox jackets, etc., so we'll all be going around like mad, looking as if we'd always been ole' Mrs. Glamour herself.

It's a funny thing, but every fall we get Scotch and maybe it's a good idea—on account of you know about plaids! Plaids are more clannish than ever; they're brighter; they go with this, that, and the other thing; they're wonderful! Your sweaters and jackets will bring out the best in them, so take the hint while it's been dropped gently. Have a plaid coat, and if you want to go to the other extremes there's such a thing as plaid undies—but you'll look like a harlequin!

We also told the powers that we were THAT way about classic clothes. Cardigan dresses made of soft wool and those divine jobs with fly fronts are our meat. We wear wool for dates these days—did you know? It's much more comfortable, and the change into it from sweaters and skirts isn't quite so abrupt—catch on?

And if your stagline buddies aren't quite as upish on their toes as you'd like them to be—get a bustle. You'll find one most anyplace. They're on crepe dresses, velvet dresses, short dresses, long dresses; they're even on the better hats! They're the kind

(Continued on page 27)



Crew hats from the
Coxwain's-to Carson's-to you

\$1.00



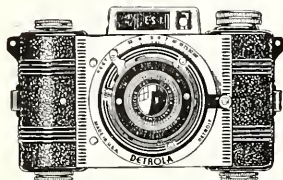
We were so taken with the little bonnets we practically snatched them off the crew's heads. Our literal reproductions are casual classics that mellow with age, like polo coats or saddle shoes! College classes order them by the gross; the class year blazoned across the crown. Sizes 21-23. \$1. Maroon or navy numerals, 5c ea.

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HILLMAN'S *Quaecumque Sunt Vera*

(All quotations from Daily Northwestern, Sept. 21.)

"Capt. Arthur S. Carpender, head of the Naval unit, has informed the senior class that the semester roller skating party which was scheduled for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Oct. 14, can not be held."

Come now, Captain, don't you think they're carrying this rearmament a bit too far?

"Officially there were no infractions of the rushing rules, according to Paul MacMinn, organizational counselor for men. An isolated case reported was called a 'misunderstanding' (sic) and disposed of satisfactorily Tuesday night at a meeting of the Interfraternity Council."

After all, what's in a name, hey, Paul? The bombing over there is just a slum-clearance project.

"Rush week . . . mouths dripping with molasses . . . hearty handshakes . . . chicken for supper . . . real hospitality . . . promises . . . finally . . . we pledge. . . The week after the week before, acid instead of molasses . . . headaches instead of handshakes . . . promise of cruelty, not favors . . ."

Get out of town before it's too late, my dear.

"And it is the realization of our privilege in serving and of our responsibility in molding that we adopt as a cardinal editorial policy: KEEP THE UNITED STATES OUT OF WAR."

—Daily editorial

Then too, there's always the matter of Free Silver and What About the Indians?

"The Daily Northwestern's pledge to you: more interesting, more complete, more accurate coverage . . . omissions, exaggerations, distortions . . . will be remedied this year."

Come now, girls, we mustn't be carried away by excessive enthusiasm must we now?

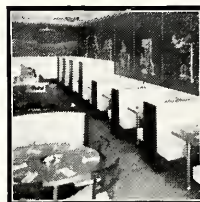
"'Newspaper men are born and not made,' remarked Dean Kenneth E. Olson of the Medill school of journalism."

So that's the excuse, hey? Our apologies, Bucky. How were we to know it was heredity?

From the Phi Ep pledge list—"Eugene Adler, Eugene Cohen, Edgar Cohen, Edward Dennison . . ."

All right, explain that if you can!

MEET and EAT



at the
HUDDLE
Suggest to the folks when they come on for a visit that they stay at the
ORRINGTON

Welcome!

N. U. Students

You Are Cordially

Invited to Visit

Our Studio and Renew

Old Friendships



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A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

It SEEMS one Ed Malott was passing the Orrington Hotel a few days ago with his head just chock full of wonderful schemes for making this campus PARROT-minded. Suddenly he heard a voice from above and looking up square into an escaped parrot's physiognomy, he soon discovered the colorful bird desired conversation. After making sure it wasn't our boy, Peter Paul, Ed let the local volunteer brigade, company one, restore Polly to the arms of its elderly owner. Somehow the parrot learned to say, "Subscribe, subscribe, subscribe . . ."

Speaking of voices, it seems that there is now a young lady on campus whose name is Florence Gillette. Her father is the new naval commander in these here parts. But that's beside the point. The whole thing is that the young lady was tripping downstairs to breakfast in that hazy early morning daze to which students are wont, when suddenly she heard the sound of an insistent doorbell. Oh yes, it was New Student Week. As she opened the door a Voice with a young and breathless little man behind it started to rush through, crying excitedly, "Let me in . . . don't stop me . . . let me in."

Miss Gillette had been hearing stories about the college man, but this was just a bit too much. Deciding politeness was the best de-

fense, she parried, "I'm . . . I'm sorry but I live here."

The Voice screamed somewhat belligerently, "I can't help where you live, I've got to get in . . . I'm late already!" Now Florence is a freshman with a sweet smile, but she has also inherited a bit of the Navy bulldog in her makeup. Enough, to be concise, is enough. "You must be mistaken, but I'll call father if you like." The Voice gulped and pulled out his New Student Week Program. "The MENTAL ALERTNESS TEST WILL BE HELD AT 8:30 IN SWIFT HALL OPPOSITE 2016 SHERIDAN ROAD." The Voice didn't stay for breakfast.

And then there was the rushee who said, "My, are all you girls in the same sorority?"

We must commend the self-sufficiency of the rushee who loudly looked over the house from cellar to garret then turned to the rushing chairmen with, "Cheez, dis is class! What's dis layout gonna cost me?" He really was a nice sort of chap, though.

Rushees who attempt to find out why they were pledged or blackballed may well shrug their shoulders at Fate. As an alumnus put it, "Lord, to think of all the boys we pledged just because no one could remember them!" And one active gave the following statement when the rushee was brought up: "Listen, his trunk weighs 250 pounds, and I'll be damned if I'll carry it out again. Pledge him!" The Phi Psi's pledged one boy because of his jokes; the D.U.'s balled one for the same reason. Which goes to show it's all in the mind.

It seems that two rushees just must go to parties together and when the Misses Pike and Pickerel present themselves at a sorority door, a receiving line is completely unnerved.

Then too, there was the slightly confused active who said sweetly, "Mary Zumph, may I produce Elda Pomegranate?"

One of the proctors during recent entrance exams passes this on to smart boys and girls, past, present, and future:

1. Cheat if you so desire, but don't think you're getting away with it. A proctor can spot a rolling eyeball at twenty paces.
2. Gentlemen, do anything, but be careful. Proctors won't watch you unless they notice you acting strangely.
3. Mademoiselles, if you're beautiful, don't cheat in excess. Proctors are human and look longest where the sight is most pleasant. And for heaven's sake, smile now and then. The proctors need it. And, darling, if you're homely, don't cheat. Proctors dislike having their attention diverted.

Heave a tear or two for the good ol' days when the arched eyebrow of a Kappa could freeze over Hades.

The point is that it's been a gradual movement since the "Three Little Pigs," that was climaxed this fall by the "Wizard of Oz."

Whether future historians will term this period the "rise of infantilism" is immaterial. The significant fact is that this tide has swept us along, upholding this last stronghold of sophistication and urbanity. "Willie the Wildcat in Wonderland" sets the tone for the oncoming Homecoming weekend of October. All decorations, floats, and frolic themes are to be chosen from the Mother Goose Rhymes and childhood yarns, with Willie as an acting character in all of them.

Freshmen are already beginning to object about their green hats. As *Time* would express it, "Lucky should they consider themselves."

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DAD ALWAYS SAYS, "Take it easy, son. When things look blackest they always work out in time." Which all goes to show that my father is a pretty smart man. Like two years ago when all of the fraternities at Tech were all worked up because it had been announced that Ash Brewster had chosen our school as his institution of higher learning after three years of covering himself with glory on his high school football team—as he was probably the most publicized freshman ever to enter Tech, and the fraternity which got him would be sitting pretty for four long years. So there we were, all of us, digging up buried hatchets and sharpening long knives to stick in our rivals' backs.

We at the Delta Sig house were full of suppressed excitement, for we knew that sooner or later the race would be narrowed down between us and the Chi Lambda Betas, since we are the two most powerful houses on campus. And for plain and fancy throat-cutting you can't beat the rivalry between the Delta Sigs and the Chi Lams. The cards were stacked against us to begin with, because Ash had accepted the Chi Lams invitation to stay at their house for rush week.

Well, came his first date with us and things didn't look too bad. Of course he'd been impressed by the Chi Lams which would be only natural, but he seemed pretty reasonable. However, when after dinner he refused to talk fraternity at all but insisted on discussing the weather, what he'd done during the summer, and what course he intended taking up, we had premonitions of impending disaster. He wouldn't even talk football; acted like he didn't even know the game. Well, we found out that he had a date with the Chi Lams for the following noon and that

R I O T O U S

spiked our hopes. If you want some excitement sometime, just run over and sit in a Chi Lam hot-box for about five minutes. Those boys could talk an inveterate miser out of his last cent and make him cry because he didn't have more to give.

Jimmy Morrison, Pete Bullock, and I walked Ash back to the Chi Lam house at ten o'clock, and when we got back our brethren were singing, "Bye, bye, Brewster" to the tune of "Bye, bye, blackbird." As

passed the "Dugout," Poppy's rival for the gastronomic affections of the student body, and inside were about ten Chi Lams, engrossed in conversation. Inspiration, born of desperation, seized me. About a half block farther on, I whispered to Bill McCormick, on my left.

"Say, weren't those rushees in the Dugout with the Chi Lams?" Now to be off campus with a rushee is a serious rushing offense and can cause a lot of trouble. Bill responded with a startled, "Huh?" but I kicked him in the shins and he said, "Why, I'm not sure."

Harry was all ears. "What was that, what was that?" he said bursting with curiosity.

"Why, a . . . a . . . nothing. Nothing at all, Harry. I was just talking to Bill here." But I knew he'd risen to the bait. Things were looking up.

The next morning I awoke to find Bill shaking me excitedly. "Wake up, you lug," he was shouting. "It's all over campus. Get up, get up!"

"What's all over campus?" I yawned innocently. "Calm down!"

"The Chi Lams. Someone reported a rushing offense on one of them. All of their noon dates are broken, pending investigation."

"Hmmm," I replied, "Wonder where they got that idea?" knowing full well that Harry Fleming had probably wrestled with his conscience all night long and finally turned in his suspicion to the student governing board in the morning. "Well, get on the phone quick and get a date with Ash Brewster."

"Aha," chortled Bill, a gleam of understanding making his eyes spar-

JERRY WESLEY — LA '40 — from the East, majoring in statistics and the *School Politique*. Likes to write, smoke, and quote Browning seasoned with Dale Carnegie.

the first step in a campaign to rebuild our shaken morale, someone suggested going down to the "Pink Cow" for a cup of coffee and one of those delicious pumpkin pies for which "Poppy" Melaniopoulous, the proprietor, is famed for miles around.

As we walked in the door of "Poppy's" little food emporium, we bumped into Harry Fleming. Now Harry is a nice fellow; I've nothing against him, but he's so blamed conscientious it hurts. As president of the senior commission, he ranks as a B.M.O.C., and honestly deserves it, but when you want to hash over rushing, he's the last person you'd want around. Consequently, the gloom was thick by the time we left, and to make it worse, Harry offered to walk several blocks with us.

Strolling along, sunk in silence, we



RUSHING

—when a high school fullback can't make up his mind

by jerry wesley

kle. He rushed out of the room muttering something about "Delta Sig brain trust."

We got the date with Ash. And after three hours we had Ash, too. But we made a mistake. On such a prize as Ash was, we were afraid to just take his word for it, and some overzealous brother put a pledge pin in his pocket. By four the news was around that the investigation had exonerated the Chi Lams. Our rushing chairman called up the rushing office and broke Ash's dates. Our

consciences were clear. We owed the Chi Lams one, anyhow, for pulling a pin out of the wheel on our Homecoming float last year so that it collapsed in the middle of the parade.

However, you couldn't expect them to take the loss of Ash lying down. The next afternoon, while I was playing ping pong with Ash out in our game room, Jimmy Morrison came rushing in with the welcome news that three of the Chi Lams were coming up the walk with two of the governing board. Immediately my mind flashed to that pin in Brewster's pocket.

"Hold 'em a minute," I begged. Jimmy dashed out and I wracked my brain for a way to get that pin without Ash getting suspicious. Suddenly it dawned on me. Ash wasn't much bigger than I, so I stammered, "Say, Ash. That's a good looking coat you have on. Could I try it on for a second? I'm thinking of getting one like it."

"Sure, but why the rush?" Let's wait till we finish this game."

"Oh, please," I said, with a note of desperation in my voice. "Just for a minute. Here, you put mine on."

There was nothing much he could do but comply, and just as I had slip-

*"I grabbed his coat
just as the Chi Lams
walked in—."*

illustrated by
john harpham

ped it on the Chi Lams and the governing board members came in the room.

One of them said, "Hello, Brewster, how's things?" while the other one rapidly slipped a hand in each of Ash's pockets. Ash just stood there, dumbfounded by the whole thing. Gosh, those Chi Lams looked funny; they were so crestfallen when they saw Ash didn't have any pin on him. I was beginning to breathe now and then again when I saw one of them staring intently at my coat.

"Say, where did you get that coat, Phil?" he queried. "It looks familiar."

Ash's mouth opened to say something, and I stopped breathing again and went into suspended animation.

Just then the blare of a powerful horn outside set the window panes to rattling. I breathed a silent prayer of thanks to the kindly fates that had let my girl have their family Buick for the first two weeks of school, and mustering a sickly imitation of an apologetic smile, I muttered, "Excuse, please. Someone to see me," and dashed out, tripping over a floor lamp on the way. It fell with a crash, clearing the way for a new subject of conversation, of which the Delta Sigs present were quick to take advantage.

Jean looked just as devastating and twice as welcome as ever. She was saying something to a fellow who had just stepped out of the car.

"Hi, there," she called to me, "How does the life of a hermit fare with you this week?"

"Fine," I said, "No dates, no women pestering me, no . . ."

"Oh, so I pester you, do I?" she cut in.

"Welllllll, not exactly," I reconsidered.

"All right, case dismissed! Seriously, though, Phil, I found this poor waif wandering around looking for the Delta Sig house and decided I might as well see that he got here."

The waif in question was something over six feet tall and looked as though he could well take care of himself. "You're lucky you got here," I told him, "with this Amazon on the war path."

Jean zoomed off and I took the rushee in the house, to find that the governing board representatives had left, not a little peeved at the Chi

(Continued on page 26)



LOOKING BACKWARDS

Hero Saves Seventeen Lives

Lady Elgin Catastrophe

Dean's Son Crosses Rubicon

Father Pays for Suit

WHILE WALKING a freshman around campus the other day, we caught our first post-summer glimpses of the buildings being currently erected. And it was then that we decided to learn more about Northwestern's story of "me and how I got that way."

We found, for instance, that the Y. M. C. A. building at the southeastern tip of the campus has a long and impressive story behind it. On September 6, 1860, the *Lady Elgin*, a passenger steamer on the Great Lakes, with 350 aboard rammed into the *Augusta*, a lumber boat, and rapidly began to sink. Among Northwestern students who witnessed the wreck was one Edward Spencer, a junior in Liberal Arts. In a brilliant display of heroism, for which he gained worldwide fame, Spencer rescued seventeen people in sixteen trips to the sinking *Lady Elgin*. On that day the university students saved ninety-three people in the disaster. A life saving crew was organized in 1877, four men were appointed from each class, and the present Y. M. C. A. building was erected as their headquarters. During the decade of the eighties thirty-five ships were aided and 173 persons were rescued by Northwestern's life saving crew.

At the other end of campus where the Phi Psi house used to stand was a grandstand and an athletic field surrounded by a not-too-high board fence. On Hallowe'en Evanson roughnecks of yesteryear used to carry away large parts of the fence,



On the banks of the "Rubicon"



Class of '79 under the "Old Oak"



*Old gym; now mineralogical building
(below) Heck Hall burns in 1914*



by

Bob Salvesson

thus making spectating a simpler and less expensive task.

The new location of Dearborn Observatory is another historic site. Last year, when plans were being made for the new foundation, university officials discovered tree trunks, rubbish, and other debris about ten feet beneath the surface. They consulted records and learned that this was the spot where the "Rubicon," a small marsh-surrounded stream which drained the large swamp between the ridge at Ridge Avenue and the lake, emptied into Lake Michigan. Gradually the swamp was filled in, but Dr. James A. James, former Dean of the Graduate School, still remembers a story about his son, who was walking one Sunday afternoon with a girl friend along the lake front. It seems that she became fondly attached to a small frog jumping around the marshy banks of the "Rubicon" and finally asked him to catch it for her. He slipped, fell in the mire, and paddled around in the mud until he looked like a college student fresh from the annual frosh-soph mud fight. Dean James paid out thirty-five dollars for a new suit. According to the record no one ever did catch that frog.

As we enter the southwest gate approaching Harris Hall, we may look sharply to the right and see a vine-covered dead oak tree. This is what remains of the famous "Old Oak," around which the graduating classes of the seventies and eighties were photographed. One branch extends eastward and close to the ground; on this the seniors perched and posed for their picture. The big oak is one of

(Continued on page 35)



... and AHEAD

to N. U.'s hundredth birthday party

by

harry boetcher

IT WAS WITH some little trepidation that we returned to the campus this fall after our summer meetings with forgotten but painfully well remembering friends at home. The memory of all of the reports of the gymnasium and other fated buildings still bothered us, and we wondered if we should not need campus maps even more than the incoming freshmen. With a sigh of relief, we found the gymnasium still in its former location, although Art and Psychology seemed to have vanished into the basement of Scott hall. The Phi Psi house was moved out in front of Sigma Chi, and Dearborn Observatory was migrating in a southerly direction. Northwestern was definitely in a period of change, and curiosity impelled us to find out what it was all about.

Down to the office of Mr. Kline, university construction engineer for twelve years, we hastened our steps. There we were given a bewildering glimpse into face-lifting plans for the future. Scott hall, to be completed in October of next year, has almost every feature with which rumor has credited it. An auditorium seating 1,250 people will provide space for a bigger Waa-Mu show. Added rehearsal rooms for Waa-Mu will eliminate the annual migration to the North Shore Hotel. The actual stage will be 60 feet high, with elaborate curtain and set facilities.

There will be a grill which, if we may trust the drawings, will outclass our favorite coke spot. A cafeteria with partitioned private dining rooms can be converted into a dance hall for 600 couples. There will be a nest of publications' offices, which the editor bade us note. An "L"-shaped structure opening on University Place, the Union Building will harbor a sunken garden, the eventual site for a chapel next to the Theta house.

The new Technology Institute, if we discount 100 feet on each end, will fill the entire space between the fraternity houses and Garrett, and will extend about fifty feet nearer to the lake than the present gymnasium. It will contain more than twice the floor space of all present Evanston campus buildings, and house the physical sciences. Related subjects will be placed in the same wing, to make them more easily accessible. Five assembly halls: one for 500 students, two for 350 students, and two for 139 students will provide ample space for visiting lecturers. Science research rooms, one of the cry-

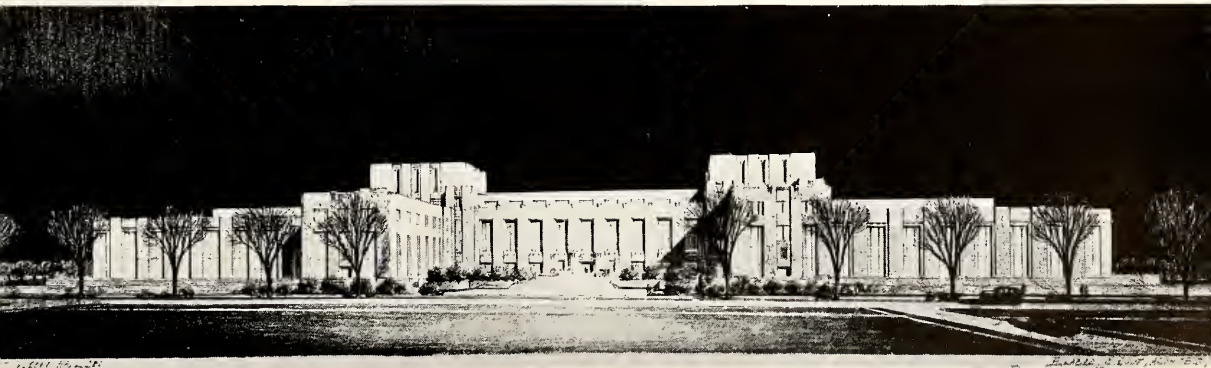
ing needs of Northwestern, will be abundant.

The new gymnasium, for which the plans are not yet complete, is to be in the field in the northwest corner of the north fraternity quadrangles. For the present, it will be used by both boys and girls, although it is hoped that eventually a separate gymnasium may be built for the girls near the south quads. The old gymnasium will be torn down when the new Tech building is built up to it. If building progresses as planned, the new gymnasium should be completed before the old one is torn down. But gym 8:30's may still hope.

To the students, constantly depressed by the sight of such old structures as the Education and Commerce buildings, the sudden influx of building may come as a surprise. To the administration, it is not. The Rooseveltian phrase "we planned it that way" is heard from every side. This new construction, as also the recent construction of New Willard, is all part of a program. We are no longer in an era of haphazard construction, when a building was erected whenever Northwestern happened to obtain the money, with no thought of the campus as a whole. With the advent of President Scott, a new type of planning has come into being; planning with an eye to the fu-

*N. U.'s proposed Tech school
facing Sheridan road*

(Continued on page 34)





JOHNNY TOPPING tossed his ping-pong paddle to one of the brothers: "Want to play a game, Ralph? I'm going to see if Joe has come in yet."

He started across the living room, stopped.

"Hello. I don't believe I've met you yet. My name is Johnny Topping—I'm the rushing chairman here."

The freshman gave his name, started to rise.

Topping waved his hand. "Don't get up. I've got to run off right-away." He patted brother Tom on the shoulder. "Tom here is a good man—big man in Waa-Mu—he'll tell you all about the house. Don't forget to tell our rushee about living expenses Tom—lowest on the campus."

He started across the room towards the hall. As he stepped through the doorway, he motioned to Larry Rogers, who excused himself and followed into the hall.

Topping was worried. "Have you seen Joe?"

Rogers shook his head. "No. Hasn't he shown up yet?"

"Our prize exhibit for these damn freshmen and he hasn't put in an appearance. How can we pledge any of these guys, when the actives won't show up for rushing? I'm gonna fine these birds plenty that don't show up."

"Maybe he's at practice. Football starts today, you know."

"Yeah. I know—but not till later this afternoon. There's no reason he couldn't have been here before football."

"You've got a lousy job," Rogers sympathized. "Well, I better get back and give these kids the talk."

Topping turned and walked to the end of the hall. He inspected the bulletin board—no note from Joe. Where in the Sam Hill is he? Why, oh why did he ever take the job of rushing chairman?

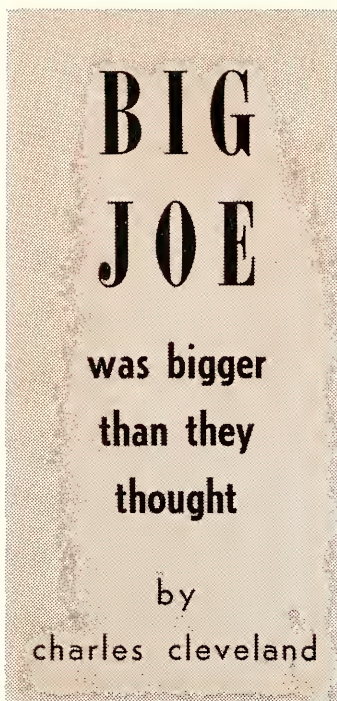
One of the seniors came in from outside: "Howdy, Topping. Joe show up yet?"

"No. Where have you been?"

"I went over to get some cigarettes. Listen, you want me to hot-box that Anderson kid?"

"Naw. I'll talk to him myself."

"What about Joe? Did you write to him this summer about rushing?"



"Yeah, I wrote to him. But I didn't get an answer. He's been out west working in some oil field, and nobody heard from him. O.K. I'll worry about him. You start worrying about these freshmen. Get in there and shake their hand, and talk fraternity to them."

Topping followed him back into the living room. Tim Anderson was over in the far corner with Larry Rogers. Anderson—there was the prize of the whole freshman crop. All state full-back from Iowa and a potential football star according to the newspaper reports of the lad. If Joe were here, we could cinch this kid. He sauntered over.

"Howdy, Tim."

Rogers slapped his back heartily. "I've just been telling Tim about Joe."

"That's right," Tim agreed. "Gee, he's quite a football player all right. Out there at Cedar Tech—that's where I went to school, you know—everybody raves about him. He's a sure all-American this year. I think he's a better player than Weiss."

Topping nodded. "Say, do you know that Weiss is one of the broth-

ers, too? He's from our Wisconsin chapter. Vic Bottari and Parker Hall—they played on the All-Stars, they're brothers too. If we had had Tipton from Duke here, we'd have a complete all-American backfield."

Anderson was impressed. "Golly, that's all right. And now you've got Big Joe coming up. I sure want to meet him."

"He'll be along in a bit, I guess. He must have gone over to the field first. You know, the coach thinks a lot of Joe, and he's counting pretty heavily on him. I suppose Joe went over to see that the rest of the team all checked in and everything."

One of the sophomores motioned to Topping, from the hall, and he excused himself.

"Joe's here."

"Where?"

"—upstairs in Tom Archer's room."

Topping raced up the stairs. Archer's room was 307. He passed the second floor, brushed by one of the boys coming down. He stopped at the third landing to catch his breath, then started down the hall to Archer's room. He knocked.

"Come in."

Topping entered. The shade was drawn and the room seemed dark and musty. Big Joe was at the far end of the room, his face was turned away. Topping recognized the broad football shoulders: "Howdy, Joe."

Joe didn't speak for a moment then. "Hello, Johnny."

"Back for football, Joe?"

"Football? No, I'm not playing football this year."

"Not playing football! Joe, are you crazy or something?" Johnny stopped short. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not kidding. You see, I've got a pretty good job offered me. I'm to be time-keeper out at that oil field where I worked this summer."

Johnny felt bewildered: "You've got a good job? That's fine. But, Joe, I always thought you wanted to be a coach—you know, you always talked about getting a job coaching after you got that All-American position."

"All-American? No, Johnny. You see, I've kinda grown tired of football—you know, long practices, tough games—it's really hard work. Johnny, and I've kinda grown tired of making myself a public spectacle."

(Continued on page 26)

Fashioning A FUTURE

by dorothea rosenthal



CAREERS, fashion made, are the newest bait offered to today's college girl with journalistic or fashionistic ideas. And Northwestern girls are quickly snapping at the lure. The past summer saw Jean Bartelme, the PURPLE PARROT's own, hard at work as collegiate fashion editor of MADAME MOUSSELINE. Martha Swigart, "N. U. 39," really rang the bell when she received second prize in VOGUE's Prix de Paris contest.

Prix de Paris is the child of Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, editor of VOGUE magazine. Four years ago she sat pondering in her office trying to discover some way in which to attract the fresh young talent lying dormant in the colleges of the country. The Prix was the result. It offered as a main prize a year's employment with VOGUE, six months of which to be spent in the Paris office.

The idea was eminently successful. In fact, it was so successful that each year since the contest has been enlarged and the awards increased. From a registration of 500, last year saw over a thousand participating.

Open only to college seniors, the contest is divided into two parts. The first and qualifying round consists of a series of quizzes. If the applicant passes the barrier she will be asked to write a thesis in competition for all prizes. Quizzes and theses will offer a choice of fashion or VANITY FAIR topics on music, art, theatre, literature. Martha Swigart's prize-winning composition was "1939 Cleanup" in which she discussed modern writers and trends.

There will be eight main prizes this year in the contest as well as numerous honorable mentions. The first prize is again a year's employment with VOGUE, part time of which will be spent in Paris, European conditions permitting. In addition to her salary, the winner's passage to and from Europe, if she gets to go, is taken care of by VOGUE.

Second prize is six month's employment. Then there is a special VANITY FAIR award of a six-month job. VOGUE will also purchase for publication five theses on fashion or VANITY FAIR features from those submitted in the contest. Honorable mention will be awarded to those girls whose work shows outstanding merit and they will be put in touch with firms with probable jobs.

In the past four years there have been 36 entrants

from Northwestern and two major prize winners. In 1938 Mary Laura Vance received Honorable Mention. Today she has a very good job as stylist for the Tennessee Eastman Products, a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Co., where among other things she plans backgrounds for fashion photographs. Recently she has been directing style shows at the New York World's Fair.

This past summer Martha Swigart took second prize. Already she has written an article which appeared in the August 15th issue of VOGUE and the next six months will see many more in print.

Winner of the last Prix de Paris, in which 46 states and Hawaii were represented, was Elizabeth Farnsworth of Vassar. Nine others were given Honorable Mention: June Fox, University of California; Harriet Wile, Smith; Julia Sewell, Agnes Scott College; Alice Thomson, Syracuse University; Celia Severeid, University of Minnesota; Theo Kilburn, Smith College; Gayle Johnson, Wisconsin University; Joanne Pierson, University of Minnesota, and Ann Wilkin, DePauw University.

What can these girls expect? The record says that of the fifty prize winners of the past including Honorable Mentioners, thirty are today following fashion careers. Thirteen have been on the staff of VOGUE; five still remain. Seven preferred marriage to a career. The remainder is scattered in stores, publishing houses, and magazines.

What are the necessary essentials for a winning combination? Martha Swigart majored in social sciences, journalism, and advertising. She worked on the DAILY NORTHWESTERN and the PURPLE PARROT. Edna Woolman Chase and the members of VOGUE editorial staff who are the judges announce that the qualifying quiz papers will be graded on "clear and vivid writing, dramatic presentation of ideas, fashion knowledge derived from a study of VOGUE, and general information."

Not through MADAME MOUSSELINE's "Design for Living" but through her work on the PARROT, her knowledge of fashions, her general ability, was Jean Bartelme asked to join the staff this summer. With twelve other girls she helped to create the August college issue.

(Continued on page 27)

**The summer starts two Northwestern
co-eds on style careers**



New Orleans!

Purple Parrot to send two boys, two girls during Christmas vacation

News Item: Two Northwestern couples will spend part of the Christmas and New Year holidays this year in historic old New Orleans, picturesque melting pot of the Deep South, as guests of the Illinois Central Railroad and the PURPLE PARROT. It is expected that the trip will.....

YOU FOUR, THERE, in the front row. We want to know how to spell your names. You may be famous people in a couple of months. You may be the two boys and girls traveling to New Orleans in December on the Panama Limited of the Illinois Central Railroad on an *all-expenses-paid* tour. You may be the lucky fellows whipping around the Port of the Mississippi Valley enjoying the luxuries of southern hospitality.

The whole thing is a contest, of course. But it's very simple. First you're nominated, then you're elected—if you're one of Northwestern's most popular students. Read the rules below and learn how.

The party will leave Chicago December 26, and will speed to the heart of the romantic Deep South, where they will stay at one of the city's leading hotels.

New Orleans offers the visitor more in things of interest to do and see than practically any other American city. Travel books contain enthusiastic descriptions of a charm intriguing and everlasting, and sunny, healthful surroundings. Pictures and stories by Those Who Know bear them out. New Orleans is quaint, it is mysterious, it is fascinating.

The modern city has been built around the Old Town, or Vieux Carré, now known as the famous French Quarter. The Creole atmosphere, ever-interesting to old inhabitants, should be more so to those seeing the place for the first time, or to those suddenly transported there from the rigors of an Illinois winter.

Kept up by popular demand and

tourist consumption, the hundred and fifty year old French market, known to all America for its color and "lagniappe"—which, they tell us, means "that little bit extra"—adds fanciful pageantry to the mellow hospitality prevalent throughout the city.

The food in this Land of Evangeline is an education in itself. If one desires to turn native, a startling mixture of French and Spanish dishes presents itself. Crabmeat Ravigotte, Shrimp Remoulade, Crayfish Bisque, Poulet Mason D'Or, Pompano en Papillote, Creole Gumbo, and many others.

Called the Crescent City because of the singular shape produced by meanders of the river, New Orleans is noted for her Canal Street, once an actual canal forming part of the city's defenses, and now the widest business thoroughfare in America. The business and residential districts are smartly modern, and pleasingly attractive and convenient. Landscaping features spacious grounds; broad avenues and boulevards; tropi-

cal gardens with flaming hibiscus, japonica, oleanders, and roses; and the recently completed Floral Trail, a fifty-five mile drive through white, pink, and lavender blossoms. The party will have an opportunity to see the playoff for the basketball championship in a predicted exciting game between the Big Ten champs, Ohio State, and the Southern champions, University of Kentucky, on New Year's Eve and on New Year's Day they will witness the South's big grid classic, the Sugar Bowl game.

Although the Northwesterners will not be able to witness the Mardi Gras celebrations, which take place in the spring, all of the valuable jewelled costumes used are on public exhibition in one of the historical museums.

Enroute to and from New Orleans, the Illinois Central's safe, fast, air-conditioned trains run through various interesting spots in the southern states, giving a painless view of points of historical and fictional renown.

Contest Rules

1. Each sorority, fraternity, open house, and independent group will nominate one candidate.
2. The winners will be selected by vote of all PURPLE PARROT subscribers.
3. Ballots will be available through house representatives and at convenient locations on campus.
4. In order for a candidate to be eligible for election his or her sponsoring organization must be 75% subscribed to the PURPLE PARROT. Over this quota, each subscription entered to the credit of the house will count one vote for its candidate.
5. Standings of the leaders will be published periodically in the Daily Northwestern.
6. Winners and alternates will be announced at a gala party early in November. All candidates and members of the PURPLE PARROT staff will be invited to this party which will be held at one of Chicago's leading hotels.
7. To the lucky couple will be given an all-expense trip to the carnival city of New Orleans, Louisiana. The winners will leave Chicago Dec. 26, on the Illinois Central's Panama Limited and will return Jan. 3 in time to resume classes at Northwestern. While in New Orleans the winners will be the guests of the Illinois Central railroad.
8. Further details of the contest will be announced in the Daily Northwestern.

*The
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Interior, Patio Royal



Pirate Alley

Old Brulatour Patio



Layout by Hal Davidson

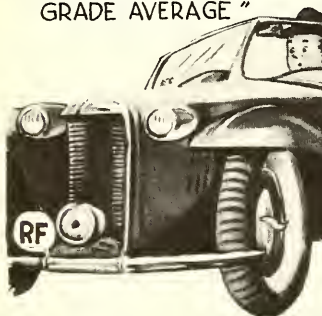
Illinois Central Railroad

Old Cabildo





"YEH, BUT WE'VE GOTTA HAVE SOMEBODY TO RAISE OUR GRADE AVERAGE"



"HURRY THIS GUY HOME. THE U-DRIVE-IT AGENCY CHARGES DOUBLE AFTER 10:00!"



"BETTER GET YOUR N SWEATER ON, MOOSE, THAT ALL-STATE HIGH SCHOOL FULL BACK JUST CAME IN."



"WHY, WE HAVE MEALS LIKE THIS ALL YEAR ROUND."

"HELLO, BROTHER KOTZ, '37? HOW 'BOUT USING YOUR PHI BETA KAPPA, LINX AND COUNCIL KEYS FOR RUSH WEEK?"



"HEY! CAN THE NOISE FELLOWS, WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS BATCH TONIGHT!"

IT CAN BE TOLD

BOB ROWAN



"FRANKLY, I DON'T THINK SHE'S OUR TYPE!"



"BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT? HER MOTHER DID GIVE US THE PIANO!"



"WHY, OUR ONLY THOUGHT IS OF SCHOLASTIC ENDEAVOR."

"OH, I KNOW SOMEONE FROM PEORIA. LET'S SEE - WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"



"SORRY ABOUT OUR DATE, ED. I FORGOT WE HAD A RUSHING TEA THISAFT."



Rushing

Dancing

Registering

Photos by Jim Bixby

Layout by Hal Davidson

It all leads up to this—

School, again.



ALL DRESSED UP with someplace to go!
"Skipper" Ray, Gamma Phi Beta, and Rosemary
Murnighan, Kappa Alpha Theta, weighted
down with money from home and out "to do the
big city." Skipper's wearing her all-around Forst-
mann woolen tweed coat with lynx-dyed fox rush-
ing over her shoulders. 79.95. Rosemary looks
adorably impish in her Baby lynx jacket (89.95)
and perky Pheasant feathered suede hat (12.50).

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO

PARROTING

"It ain't wot-cha do..."

Hello again! The Parrot Prowler's back to quote the news from the summer scratch pad, and venture kindly advice to freshmen. As usual at the beginning of a season, our conscience is a bit touchy, but we'll toughen up as things happen, so be careful, boys and girls, or your indiscretions will land in discussion.

The Prowler feels that in all fairness to the incoming freshmen women, they should be informed of a certain few men about campus who belong to the noble order of W.O.L.F. (Consult pledge captain for meaning of symbols.) Ten distinguished members against whom we issue a gentle warning are:

1. Frank Nelson (ΣΧ).
2. Jerry Clifford (ΘΞ). Watch out for this fellow. In spite of his smooth line, he is pinned to a girl at Rollins.
3. Paul Muldoon.
4. Hugh "Pinkie" Ames (ΑΧΑ).
5. Bob Buchanan (ΒΘΗ).
6. John Kloote (ΑΔΦ).
7. Tiger Lewis (ΦΚΣ).
8. Bud "Movie Star" Maechtle (ΔΤ).
9. Frank Peddie (ΣΑΕ).
10. Phi Psis

Norma Rehm (ΚΑΘ) decided that pins looked better than just one, so she convinced Tom Cousins (ΦΚΣ) that his was the missing one. The only remark on the subject from the brother Phi Kaps was that the cigars were excellent. We guess they knew it all the time.

Barbara Collisi (ΚΚΤ) has finally settled down in the Phi Gam menage with Bob Barnes after trying out several other houses. For a couple of philanthropers, they seemed to be doing right well and we're proud of them.

One of these fine days ask Dave Ekberg, pride of the D.U. house, how he likes Ma Schramm's daughter. Thereby hangs quite a tale.

Marion Gibson (ΔΤ) was torn between the "boy back home" problem and Hank Nickel (ΣΧ). However, this summer seemed to cinch it and Hank is now seeking consolation in the Pi Phi house—namely Shirley James.

Maybe Jerry Zehr (ΦΔΘ) ought to be more careful. Peggy Scott is not sitting home these nights.

The campaign of Dave "Please take my pin" Ross, (ΔΤΔ), is going into its third year. Ginny Lee (ΚΑΘ) must at least admire his perseverance.

Bob Houlihan (ΦΚΣ) is going to N.U. Med School this year but that shouldn't prevent him from having at least one date a week on the Evanston campus.

Bill Bull and Monte Wells (Sigs) had a terrific celebration not long ago, and didn't get home until 6 a.m. Monte's girl

had just left for school, but what excuse did Ferdinand have?

As usual all the upperclassmen were being Jiggle-O's at the New Student dance. Freshmen Martha Hale, Jean Winter, and Jo Scherer were among those being rapidly rushed.

They tell me that Alex Beaubien (D.U. pledge) registered in the School of Speech just because he heard that Pat Suhr, Ted's freshman sister, was planning to register there.

I also understand that once more, Ross Porter (ΔΤ) is on the Hunt-And-Be-Hunted list, after seeing his Wilmette-Champaign friend numerous times this summer. He's disillusioned.

To whom it may concern: Otto Graham (New ΑΔΦ) already has One girl.

Carolyn Fishgall (ΔΣΦ) has quite a devoted admirer at the University of Chicago.

Warning to the women—a potential B. M. O. C. is looking around for that

harmful little armful of charm in the person of Bob Lash (ΦΔΘ transfer).

Seen at the Stratosphere Club in a flaming red frock was Portia McClain (ΔΔΑ) and would you believe it, no Dick Greiner (ΣΧ) in sight.

Both the Noyes girls (Thetas) are tied up with their Phi Psis. Dick Thain again, in Jane's case, and, of course, Sid Ferguson for Gidge.

Believe it or not section. Jean Hruby (ΚΑΘ) and Tom Langworthy (ΣΧ) are still making a go of it.

Dodo Taylor of the Glencoe Taylors is now sporting Bob Barton's Phi Psi pin. He only wore it a few days himself. Following in the footsteps of his roommate, one George Watson.

Johnny Larsen (ΦΜΔ alum) sent lots of roses to the ΑΘΙ house to greet Dotty Wallin's return.

Mel Weichert (ΚΚΤ) was the reason Ralph Mabbs (ΦΤΔ) met a 6:50 train recently.

Dick Bernays found that Boulder was a wonderful place to go to school. And it was no coincidence that J. J. Smith lives there.

Did you notice how closely the Beta brothers were watching Gayle Menk (ΑΧΩ) while Bill Arthur was in Florida?

George Heineman (Acacia) had a model T this summer. From the looks
(Continued on page 33)



FOR REAL MILDNESS

Swing to Chesterfield

Yes Sir-e-e! Chesterfields take the lead for mildness... they take the lead for better taste. With their right combination of the World's best cigarette tobaccos they give millions more smoking pleasure.

...watch the change to Chesterfield

They Satisfy



WE WONDER WHY "Dophie" Wheeler, Kappa Alpha Theta, wears that pleased-as-Punch expression! We'd wager two to one that her soft, wool dress with its elbow length sleeves and grosgrain ribbon trim has something to do with it. It's her "going casual" favorite that she usually wears neck open unless the wind's raging free. 12.95. Dophie has a weakness for Dobbs' hats, and the roller brim she's wearing is one of her pets. 7.50.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO





Roll call—outward bound



Just a couple of swabs.



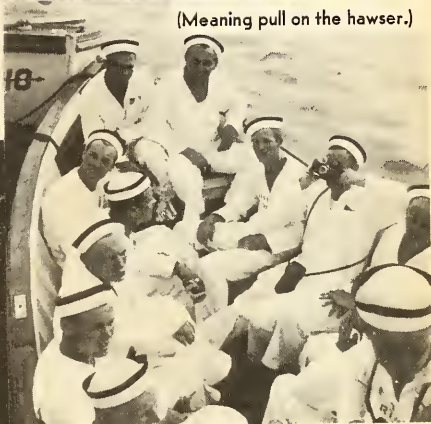
Heave away!

(Meaning pull on the hawser.)

Navy



A la mode for the navy beans



Shore leave.



Cuba is noted for her spots of historic interest

Cruise-rs



"Small sloop off starboard bow;
carrying mains'l, jib, and two blondes."



The end.



Joan Dreyfuss wears a new version
of the fur hat—silver fox plus a snood.
About \$7.50. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

Photo by Paul Stone

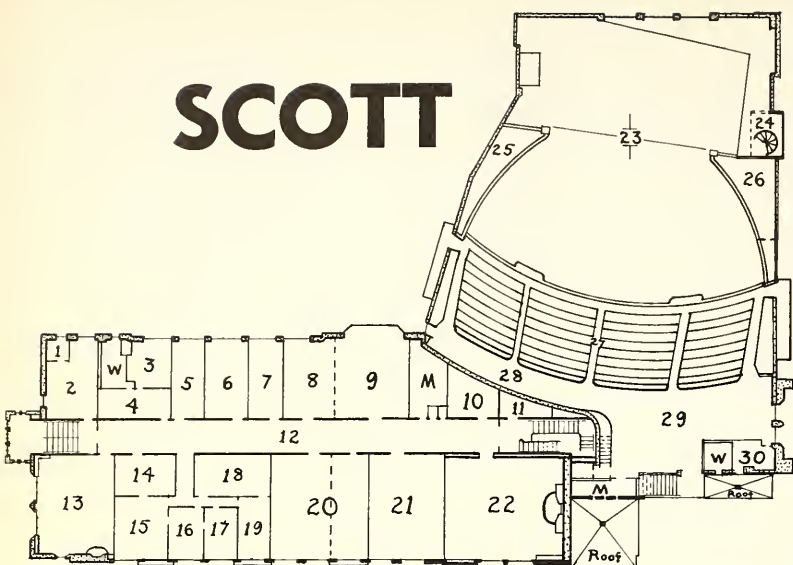
A corduroy pork pie hat for campus,
football games, and general sports-
wear is modeled by Betty Friend.
About \$2.95. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.



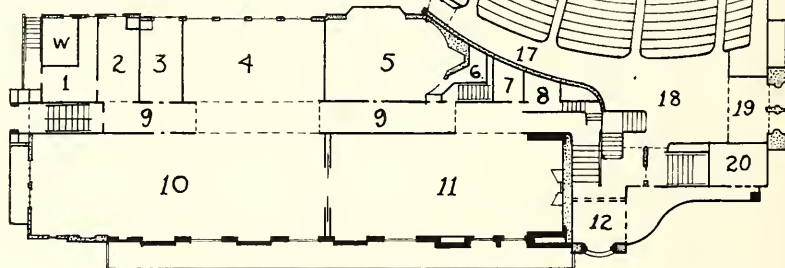
Paul Stone
CHGO.

SCOTT

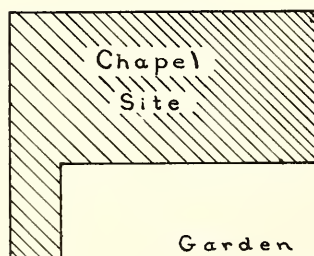
HALL



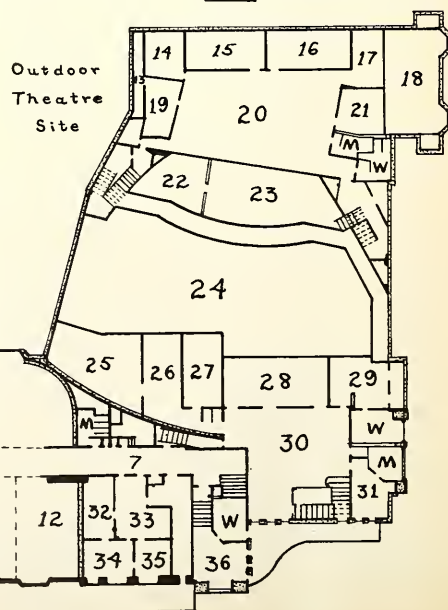
SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SCALE: $\frac{1}{160}'' = 1'$



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

Plans adapted from blueprints by
Henry Edler, A.S.C.E.

SCOTT HALL

Key to Diagram on
Opposite Page

GROUND FLOOR PLAN

1. Store Room
2. Kitchen
3. Refrigerator
4. Dishwasher
5. Grill (100 seats)
6. Waiters' Coat Room
7. Corridor
8. Formal Dining Room
- 9, 10, 11 and 12. Private Dining Rooms
13. Weight Pocket
- 14, 15, 16, 19 and 21. Dressing Rooms
17. Stage Electricity Room
18. Transformer Vault
20. Rehearsal Space
22. Organ Blower Room
23. Tank and Pump Room
24. Auditorium Base
25. Hot Water Tank Room
26. Storage Room
27. Pump Room
28. Check Room
29. Powder Room
30. Auditorium Lounge
31. Men's Lounge
- 32, 33, 34 and 35. Offices
36. Powder Room

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

1. Powder Room
2. Check Room
3. Pantry
4. Women's Parlor
5. A. A. Library
(Women's Meeting Room)
6. Files
- 7 and 8. Storage
9. Exhibit Corridor
10. Women's Lounge
11. Students' Lounge
12. East Porch
13. Stage
14. Spiral Staircase
15. Orchestra Pit
16. Auditorium
17. Corridor
18. Entrance Lobby
19. Vestibule
20. Office

SECOND FLOOR PLAN

1. Store Room
2. Art Collection
3. Women's Lounge
4. Powder Room
5. 6 and 7. Offices
8. Conference Room
9. Lounge and Conference Room
10. Fan Room
11. Storage
12. Corridor
13. Hardy Scholar's Lounge
14. Daily Northwestern
15. S. P. Manager and Conference
- 16 and 17. Purple Parrot Offices
- 18 and 19. Offices; Syllabus
20. S. U. Organization Work Rooms
21. Music Room
22. Graduate Students' Lounge
23. Upper Stage and Auditorium
24. Spiral Staircase
- 25 and 26. Organ Chamber
27. Balcony
28. Corridor
29. Lounge
30. Powder Room

The Greener THEY COME



THE DOCTOR SLAPS the new born child heartily and starts it off with a good cry. If the habit of breathing persists until age seventeen or eighteen he or she will start thinking of college and so it comes to pass (or flunk) that some thousand of them accumulated on Northwestern campus this fall. Of this thousand, some 750 go into Liberal Arts, 55 into music, 80 into speech, 100 into teaching, and 40 into education.

This one thousand green-caps raised the University population in total to something over 23 thousand, of whom some five thousand are on the Evanston campus. Some ten thousand are downtown, and the rest are important enough to pay tuition, but not sufficiently so to enter the enrollment tables as regular students.

This total enrollment, incidently, marks the jack-pot, passing last year's all-time high. Since ten intrepid souls ventured into higher learning in 1855, enrollment has jumped yearly on the shoulders of the preceding term. Around 1890 attendance topped one thousand, and since then has climbed faster than the cost of living.

Where do these freshmen come from? It seems that some one hundred of the total student body migrate from across the sea, and every state in the union surrenders its youth to this institution, the largest number, some 45 per cent of the total, coming from the Chicago area.

What can these yearlings expect from Northwestern? The girls may expect to date more readily than boys, being outnumbered by the latter 7-11. The gentler sex may also expect an easier time of it financially, as nearly three times as many boys will work their way through school as girls.

The task of orienting these newcomers began back in high school when the Wildcat council, under Jay

Gerber, started the task of meeting the prospective students. When they reached Evanston, they were put through New Student week, a program of tests, entertainment, and tours. Further orientation will be handled by the organizations, fraternities and sororities that gobble up about one-half of the neophytes.

Intellectually, this year's class is on a par with last year's, the best scholastically in the history of the school. Sixty-one per cent of them came from the upper quarter of the high school class, 28 per cent from the second quarter. Perhaps the highest ranking of the schools is the newly opened Technological Institute for which enrollment has already begun. Seventy-three per cent of the 106 students were in the upper quarter of their high school class—seven per cent were valedictorians, three per cent salutatorians.

What are their chances of success in college? Dr. Clark, Director of Admissions, estimates that nearly one-half of them will graduate from Northwestern. Their grades will average between a C and a B-. Of the unfortunate half who do not graduate, one-third will fail, one-third transfer to other schools, and one-third will just disappear.

This group of new students has two claims to fame at present. The first is the persistent rumor that this year's freshman football squad is better than last season's, which boasted such stellar athletes as Bill DeCorrevont and Alf Bauman. The second claim is John Bannister, Northwestern's champion at nepotism. This Phoenix, Arizona lad is a transfer from New Mexico Jr. College, and lists among graduates of Northwestern his great-grandfather, grandfather, five great uncles and aunts, father, mother, two aunts, and numerous cousins. He'll probably get his diploma via the chain-letter method.

Riotous Rushing

(Continued from page 7)

Lams for the trouble they'd made for nothing. Those Chi Lams were still there, though, and they were talking a blue streak to Brewster off in one corner. I turned the new rushee over to someone else and flopped down in the nearest chair to recuperate.

I don't know what those fellows said, but pretty soon Ash left them and came over to me.

"I've been thinking things over," he declared ("Yea, a lot of thinking you've been doing for yourself," I muttered to myself) and I've decided that I was a little hasty in obligating myself to you so soon, so I'd like to return your pin."

"You can't," I said. "You should have thought of that when you took it."

"What would happen if the governing board found out I had it?" he replied.

I was pretty tired by now and I began to think that any fellow who'd act like that wasn't worth his salt even if he was a whole football team, and it made me see red. "You win," I admitted. "Here's your coat, minus pin. Thanks for the buggy ride."

The Chi Lams left triumphantly, and I was pondering the vicissitudes of fortune when Petey Bullock came to me, bursting with excitement.

"Hey, Phil," he quivered, "this new guy—he says his name is Ash Brewster!"

"So what?" I responded dejectedly. Then it suddenly sunk in. "What?" I screamed, "out of my way!"

It took about ten minutes to get central rushing office on the phone and I was quietly going raving mad before the connection was made. "I want to inquire about Ashley Brewster," I asked.

After a short pause the voice on the other end replied, "There are two Ashley Brewsters registered here; Ashley W. Brewster is staying at the Chi Lambda Beta house and has broken all dates in their favor. Ashley M. Brewster just registered this afternoon and indicated his intention of staying at the Delta Sigma Mu house." That was all I waited to hear. Grabbing the astounded Petey Bullock by one arm and Bill McCormick by the other, I tore up to our Ash's room.

Yes, he was the football player from Corning High. Yes, he was all-state quarterback. Yes, he liked our boys and would like to see us some more. Yes, yes . . .

He was some fellow, this Ashley Brewster. Not a bit like that other punk by the same name. He had a wonderful personality. For our part, we didn't care if he never played football, he was such a brick just being himself. He wasn't the kind of fellow you could put the pressure on. We saw pretty quick that the best way to get him was to let him alone and treat him like just anybody else. By morning he'd decided that Delta Sigma Mu was the house for him, and once more we rode the crest of the wave of confidence.

But not for long. About noon the next day, the last day before formal pledging, someone spied the inevitable Chi Lams coming up the walk. They must have found out their mistake, because they looked plenty mad. I let out a groan.

"What's wrong, Phil?" queried Ash.

"It's the Chi Lams," I lamented. "They'll want to force you into making a date with some other fraternity, because we're the only house you've visited."

"But I don't want to see any other house," he argued. "I talked to a lot of people before I came up here, and what I heard from them coupled with what I see around here makes me sure that I want to be a Delta Sig."

"I'm afraid they're right, legally, according to the rushing rules," I admitted reluctantly.

"They can't make me if I'm sick, can they?" he brightened.

I shook my head, "But you're as healthy as they make 'em."

"Yeah? Call a doctor. In the meantime tell the Chi Lams I can't be seen." With which he picked up an orange from the bowl on our table and started peeling off the skin and chewing it. "Orange peel irritates the mouth and induces an artificial temperature," he explained.

Well, we called the doctor and told the Chi Lams Ash was sick. Doc Baker found Ash with a slight temperature and told everyone that the patient was not to be disturbed for one or two days. Which meant after formal pledging. There was a tearing of hair and a gnashing of teeth at the Chi Lam house, but they were powerless to do anything.

Yes, we're very proud of our Ash Brewster. Football, No; he tore a ligament in his leg in the freshman-varsity tilt his first year and hasn't played since, but brains?—say, he's the biggest man this campus has seen for a long time. As president of the student governing board just last week he warned the Chi Lams that unless they kept Ashley W. Brewster from raising so much Cain they'd be put on probation.



Big Joe (Continued from page 10)

I've got this chance for a job, and I'm taking it."

Johnny stared hard at him. "What about school? What about rushing? What about the team and all?"

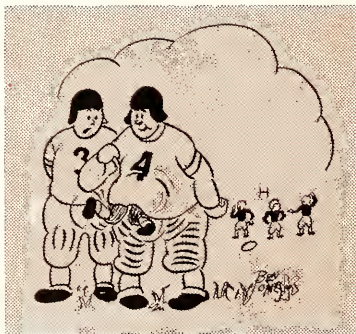
"I haven't time for any of that, Johnny. I'm sorta on vacation, but I've got to get back to my job. You see, I'm time-keeper out at this oil field, and I've gotta get back right away."

"Well, then, I'll shake hands and say goodbye, Joe."

Joe didn't turn. "No. Let's just say: so-long. I'll be back, I suppose, pretty soon. So let's just let it be 'so-long' Johnny. I'm sorry about rushing and everything, but you know how it is."

Johnny nodded. "Yeah, I see. Well, we'll be seeing you soon, I hope, Joe." He turned and closed the door after him.

Joe didn't move for a moment. Then he looked at the closed door, and he turned around slowly—ever so slowly to favor that right leg—the one that was chopped off just above the knee by the doc, after that oil well explosion.



The Clothes Line

(Continued from page 3)

that can come off if all of a sudden you decide you'd rather make a pair of ski pants out of them. But it's your own fault if you dance with the same guy all night. And remember, that if it's a formal you're thinking about, a bustle is much more convenient in all respects than was the hoop skirt of yesteryear. As far as that goes a stagline does see a lot of your rear anyway—yes? But whatever you do this year slay 'em morning, noon, and night!



Fashioning a Future

(Continued from page 11)

"Design for Living" does offer the girl with creative ability a chance to see her work carried through. In connection with various manufacturers, MADemoiselle presents the contest. The prize winning design is made up and sold. The prizes are the dresses and cash awards. This has led to many a job for the win-



Martha Seigert, '39, second prize winner in Vogue's "Prix de Paris." She is spending six months fashion writing in the New York office.

ner. Announced every three months or so, the latest appeared in the September issue.

So if you are fashion-wise with the capability to write; if you are interested in the theatre, art, literature, music; if you have the capacity for intelligent work and the desire to design, the pot of gold is there at the foot of the rainbow. So come on all you Northwestern gals and hop on the fashion bandwagon. The cheer is "SWIGART AND VANCE"; the password, "BARTELME."

Bird's Eye View

(Continued from page 5)

In our day it was not enough to wear a green hat. They also had to be too small to stay on anything but a small egg, presumably to give greater delight to the actives when the March winds started to blow. We can remember that we were still wearing our earmuffs in April, in order to batten down the hat.

* * *

It has always been our firm contention that our respective fathers have been out of school too long anyway to appreciate the collegiate point of view . . . and therefore we bring them back every year to catch the rah-rah spirit. To prove, however, that school does enter into the working day, the Dad's Day committee is giving them a taste of our own medicine and putting them to work in a school for Dads. We positively get enamored of the idea of Pappy vs. Terror Hahne. Fifteen rounds to a decision.

* * *

An enthusiastic coed was showing off the campus to a visiting Ohio Stater. After pointing out Deering and Patton, she said with la gesture grandiose, "And on the left we have the observatory." Silence followed, and a slightly embarrassed cough. "Let's see, where *did* they put it . . . ?" A suspicious gleam in the eye of the Buckeye as the effusive guide started to look around gave way to amazement when they rounded Garrett, and she said triumphantly, "Here it is! . . ." Gosh, Maizie, what ain't they gonna do next?



"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host, "you'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Dick," he groaned, "It's my time to be on the feather." —Puppet

Lois—Jim, you have been so good to me I'm going to do you a favor. You can take me to dinner tonight.

Jim—That's great Lois, does your mother know we're coming?

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POLITICOSIS

...in the calm before the storm

With the graduation of last year's senior class, one of the most politically active groups in recent years moved off the campus stage. The coming school year promises to be one of a quieter nature from the political standpoint. Politicians there are, but the stronger ones have no need to exert their influence and the weaker will fail by virtue of their inexperience. The greatest loss will perhaps be that of **Bill Orthman**, SAE president. A keen thinker, he was a shrewd analyst and quick to size up situations with their implications and he combined these qualities with an unusual organizational ability. His graduation takes SAE well out of the political spotlight, for **Storm** and **Mullendore**, although they will undoubtedly be active, lack the spark which made "The Head" a key man for two years. SAE's strength lies mainly in its numbers (well over 80) which give them the leverage of a large number of votes in the various class elections.

Cooper (ΣΧ), **Gianakopoulos** (ΔΤΔ), **Kemp** (ΒΟΠ), **Noyes** (ΚΑΘ), and **Clark** (ΗΚΑ), will be missed in varying degrees. This year sees an unusual coincidence on campus. The three political leaders of the senior class, **Bob Buchanan** (ΒΟΠ), **Dick Trenbeth** (ΦΚΣ), and **Stan Frankel** (ΦΕΠ), hold the key positions on the Daily Northwestern of managing editor, news editor, and editorial chairman respectively. Buchanan is president of the Beta house, has been treasurer of his class and was the representative on the Student Governing Board last year from the junior class at large. Trenbeth is treasurer of his house and was junior class treasurer last year and is president of Sextant and vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalism fraternity. Frankel has been president of his class since his advent on campus as a freshman and his election to the co-chairmanship of his class' freshman conference. All three are members of Phi Eta Sigma and are cinches for Phi Beta Kappa, as well as being members of Lynx and Deru, junior and senior honoraries. Again, all are well-liked and respected. They hold within their sway more campus pressure groups and allegiances than have ever before been concentrated behind a campus publication.

This does not mean that the Daily will be their tool. On the contrary, all three are rigorously fair, and whatever their sentiments on campus political situations, they will be carefully divorced from their actions as journalists. They have what they want and there should be no need for them to personally enter politics ex-

cept perhaps behind the scenes, coaching those who follow them. The effect of this concentration of power will be to minimize senior political activity rather than to accelerate it.

Frankel's tremendous power in the Interfraternity Council was evidenced last spring when he placed two Phi Eps, **Jack Coney** and **Myron Piker**, in the key positions of co-chairman of the Junior Prom and Council representative on the Student Governing Board respectively.

Whether Buchanan will try to angle **Laurie Larson**, the Betas' white hope in the class of '41, through class commissions and the I-F council remains to be seen. Another person to watch is **Myron**



Piker, ΦΕΠ, who has been well-coached and well-backed by Frankel. He's on the SGB for a two-year term and what happens while he's there may be interesting.

The SGB set-up prior to elections is this: **Gladys Northquist** (ΖΤΑ), Pan-Hell representative; **Bob Buchanan** (ΒΟΠ) and **Georgia Anheiser** (ΚΔ) from the class of '40; **Myron Piker** (ΦΕΠ) for the I-F council; **Bob Rathburn** and **J. J. Smith** representing the Independent council; **Laurie Larson** (ΒΟΠ) for the class of '41; **Jack White**, Men's Interhouse Council; **Marguerite Tapley**, W.S.G.A. representative; and **Dr. Irving J. Lee** and **Raymond Carey**, faculty representatives.

Larson is filling out the term of **Dick Coyle** (ΦΚΦ) left vacant when Dick went out for tennis last spring. Rathburn was originally elected last year as a repre-

sentative of the class of '41 but was named to the Independent Council representative vacancy left by the graduation of **Myron Chevin**. **Marg Tapley** was elected by the W.S.G.A. last year as the representative of independent resident women and will serve until the new Women's Interhouse Council elects again, that power having passed to it from the W.S.G.A.

The major coalitions on campus will be but half-hearted. The far-famed Sig-Sig coalition of ΣΧ, ΣΑΕ, and ΣΝ passed out with the graduation of **Orthman**, **Cooper** and **Turpin**. As has been indicated previously, the seniors will be for the most part aloof as far as political combinations go. The juniors have no strong leaders, and although the sophomores who started out last year under the strong tutelage of a hyperactive senior class may be counted on for some scheming, the leaders are mostly inexperienced. The freshman, inspired perhaps by the sophomores may try some organization but again inexperience will tell. The day of the strong, efficient, effective and lasting coalitions has passed, at least temporarily.

Looking to the independents, they will be ably led by the industrious foursome of **J. J. Smith**, **Jeanne DeWitt**, **Bob Rathburn** and **John Curran**. Smith and Rathburn are the real leaders and Rathburn will probably assume complete independent leadership after the graduation next June of **Dan Williams**, Independent Council president, and **J. J. Smith**. Independent strength is highly questionable. Independents as a whole are notably uninterested in politics and their voting is unpredictable in the extreme. Practically all of those interested in independent affairs are embodied in the small but active independent council which is admittedly not worried by political aspirations. Their aims are adequately secured by their right to place two representatives on the SGB.

Next month *Politicosis* will review the fall elections with their results and will present the Student Government Board set-up. *Politicosis* welcomes contributions—they must be signed.



- 1.—"Beastly weather, isn't it?"
- 2.—"Yeah, raining cats and dogs."
- 3.—"And look at the poodles in the street."

I know I had a lot of fun
But I ponder long, and fret,
Because I can't remember
All the things I should forget.
It was silent outside
Like snow falling on velvet.
The quiet hush of the night
Stole between the
Transparent moonbeams,
Filling my soul

With strange disturbing dreams.
And there sat that damn girl
Eating hamburgers and onions.

—Log



THE MEN'S STORE

Checks up on your Fall Clothing knowledge with this quiz prepared in conjunction with three of our campus experts.

1. What type of suit will the college man wear this season for spectator sports? Will it be
___peg topped trousers, accordion pleated sport coat and cap
___three button, single breasted tweed suits
___rough fabric sport coat with flannel slacks
2. University men are wearing Cordovan shoes again, with a new twist that marks them as smart campus wear. They have
___black rubber soles
___winged tips
___high heels
3. Knit ties are in again. Men like them because
___they like the crunching noise produced as they knot them
___they like them, that's all
___they like to study the intricate interstices of the threads
4. The most popular pattern in men's town suits this fall is
___stripes
___checks
___pin dots
5. War has produced chaotic conditions in the clothing market. In what way will this affect men's clothing?
___The military influence will be felt in men's styles
___Sam Browne's will be worn by all men
___Prices will go up
6. The sorority girl likes the well-dressed college man because
___she likes him, that's all
___just because
___girls like boys anyway
7. In the color harmonizing of the tie, shirt, and suit this season, the shirt is designed to
___serve only as a background for the tie
___make a pattern and color combination
___dominate the ensemble
8. Belts for the fall have been styled to follow the trend to
___split seams
___narrowness
___suspenders
9. Sleeveless sweaters look particularly well this year because
___it is necessary to conserve supplies of wool
___they can be worn instead of a vest
___it is no longer considered necessary to protect the arms
10. The collarless idea in summer sports jackets has been borrowed this season by another department, that of
___dressing gowns
___shoes
___shirts
11. While raglans predominate in fall top coats, one new style that is likely to get attention is the
___balmacaan with set-in sleeves
___double-breasted box with epaulets
___fly front with set-in sleeves
12. The leading styles in reversibles this fall will have their two sides of these two fabrics:
___tweed (or shetland) and woolen gabardine
___tweed and worsted gabardine
___mohair and cotton
13. In regular suits, off shades are usually produced by blending two colors together in the yarn, but in sports suits the offshade is produced by
___using a solid colorground with a different color overcheck
___alternating two solid colors, yarn for yarn
___using a different color for piping and collar trim
14. One good reason for the universal use of wool or worsted in ties, either alone or in combination with other fibers, is that
___they are resilient and help to hold the tie in shape
___it's cheaper than silk
___the peat-bog smell is in style
15. What's the new thing in a single-breasted dinner jacket this season? Is it that
___double-breasteds are fading
___it can be used with a wing collar and a white waistcoat as a slightly more formal ensemble
___it goes well with the butterfly tie
16. Slacks form an important part in the college man's wardrobe. This year with his tweed sports coat, he will wear what popular slacks?
___Corduroy
___Covert cloth
___Tweed
17. The slight change that distinguishes the smart tail coat from last season's consists of
___turn-back cuffs
___whale bone insets to make the tails curve out in back
___the slightly curved rather than straight line opening
18. Shirt collars this season see new styling. The popular types include
___tab
___button down
___rounded
___rugged (widespread)
___long (3½ inch English Lounge)
19. Jewelry this season has taken on a new characteristic. It is particularly called
___diamond stick pin
___leather
___gold
20. The place toward which the college man looks for new styles in clothes is
___the eastern campuses
___Hollywood
___Kokomo, Ind.

Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

*The Answers are
on page 35*

OF COURSE!

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I'LL
MEET YOU
AT
DEMETRE'S

PETER PAUL

by chuck lineberger

WITH ANOTHER FALL comes the realization that we collegians must find time to relax our scholarly vigils and wend our uncertain ways to the myriad of entertainment spots in and about the campus. We wonder if our N. U. daters are planning their party nights at the *best* spheres of nightlife available, or whether they just trust to split-second decisions. Because of the many really unusual types of entertainment offered by local night-eries, those in Chicago and what we appreciatively call "West Campus," we should decide upon one or two really special places for the evening's amusement (their caliber depending upon our already well-worn pocketbooks!). Then, we should see that we follow out our original intentions for a well-balanced evening. (Of course, things *do* come up—gosh!

I'll never forget that blonde "26" girl at Kitty Davis'.)

In all probability, the old-soaks can easily find their way around; but for those of us who have been all too timid in past seasons, and for those *really intelligent* freshmen, we have the following spots confronting us:

SMOOTH:

One—or, rather, *two*—can always bask expansively in the rich atmosphere of the GOLD COAST room of the Drake Hotel, where Wayne King and his excellent orchestra are holding sway at present—with the usual excellent floorshow. Also in the Drake is the CAPE COD room, an intimate New England-ish tavern where one can pick out the fish he wants to eat while it is still swimming around in a glass tank! Just south of the Drake and across the



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THE DEL-SHORE

NO COVER NO MINIMUM

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Emil Dohl, Mgr.

PREVUES

street, the Knickerbocker bar, an ultra modern place, awaits to serve m'lady co-ed and her escort.

In the EMPIRE ROOM of Chicago's famous Palmer house Joe Reichman does the encores, Morton Downey does the headlining and is supported by a catchy floor show which includes the famous Abbott girls—and *what* girls! Tommy Dorsey, ever popular favorite of Northwestern's sophisticates, opens October 12th a brand new floor show including Cardini, the prestidigitator deluxe.

Milt Hearth, the churchmouse on a spree, gives out some solid *schmaltz* in the BLUE FOUNTAIN ROOM at the Hotel LaSalle. He never had to attend an anatomy class

to learn to dissect an organ!

DeMetre's, ever-popular for the quick coke or lunch between classes, puts on soft lights for that late snack on the way home.

A different kind of date is Sunday afternoon bowling at the Carter McDonald's Red Crown Recreation. It's something new, and lots of fun.

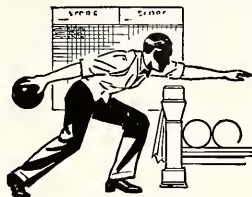
FUN

The DEL SHORE, a place for which this campus has a warm spot in its heart, really packs 'em in. Many an N. U. glamour boy had his start in this very place. The orchestra, under Wally Machlan and his Dictators of Rhythm, is *right there* when it comes to *greetin' the gate-mouths!*

BARTEL'S, with those wonderful sizzling steaks, is the place to go after the football game. "Three Bits of Rhythm" still there by request.

(Continued on next page)

Bowlers-Attention!



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**On Sale
Oct. 25**

Prevues (Continued from page 31)

UNUSUAL

ISBELL'S, where you're quite liable to bump into some famous celebrity just any old time, has two very unique caravansaries, one on Rush street, the other on Diversey . . . Put this on your *must see* list for the immediate future—and don't forget to have the head waiter mix you his specialty—mmmm!

Steve Gannon's SOUTH SEAS, done in an amazingly authentic south sea island style, is a hop, skip, and a cocktail from the campus on Lincoln and Crawford Aves. The Four Chicagoans, featuring Adrienne, make the place musically. Behind the main bar there is a south-sea island scene, glass enclosed, in which rain can be seen and heard falling. You get that cozy feeling—.

WEST CAMPUS

The 3500 CLUB, most everybody's starting and finishing point, keeps going full blast every year. A good place to spend that hour while waiting for your date to finish dressing. Then there's the *Friday Morning Bridge club*, the *Tuesday Afternoon Social*, the *Sunday Night Bingo Party*—aw nuts, go on out there any time!

The LITTLE CLUB, one of the dressier West Campus spots, is swell for that private conversation *you* and *she* wanted to have. Definitely *not* a *dirt-on-the-floor* place like so many of the others out that way one could mention.

The VILLA MODERNE is up north on Skokie Blvd.—You can't miss it. Carlos Molina and his excellent rhumba orchestra is currently keeping the patrons coming back for more. Another interesting emporium of fun and fancy, where you and your date are liable to see many celebrities of both stage and radio.

JIVE

Johnny Scat Davis has introduced another one of his own tunes to the many customers at the BLACK-HAWK Restaurant and it has proved quite a success. The name of it is "Sookie," and when he sings it and accompanies himself on his torrid trumpet it brings down the house.

Mugsy Spanier recently opened the OFF BEAT CLUB of the THREE DEUCES downtown and also supplied enough hot air from his horn to run the elevators in the building the next day. Hep! Hep!

How's Your I.Q.?

What with all the emphasis on tests (intelligence, English placement, comprehensive, blood, practical and impractical), we, of the P.P. Psychology department, find it timely to offer our contribution to the great field of I.Q. research. Just fill in the blanks, tear off the box top, and you will receive by return mail ABSOLUTELY FREE a pencil with which you may do your test. Are you a genius or a moron? ACT NOW!

A. SAMPLE:

1. How many men are five men and ten men? (15)
2. If you walk one mile per hour for one mile, how far do you walk? . . (1)
1. How many men are five men and ten men? (Hint, see above) . . . ()
2. How many women are five women and ten women? ()
3. How many men and women are ten men and women and five men and women? ()
4. If a man runs a hundred yards in ten seconds, how many feet does he run in $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second and ten men? ()

B. SAMPLE:

1. Why do we use stoves? Because
() they are in style.
(X) they keep us warm.
() they are black.
1. Why does a fireman wear red suspenders? Because
() otherwise his pants would fall down.
() red is the color of the fire department.
() to keep him warm.
2. What do they call horses in Brazil?
() horses.
3. If you saw a train approaching a broken track, you should
() fix the track.
() offer the conductor a cigarette.
() get off the train.
4. It is better to fight than run because
() if you run you may get shot in the back.
() if you fight, you may get shot in the front.
() to keep his pants up.

Answers to be found on page 38

AROUND THE TOWN

Dwight Fiske down in the COLONY CLUB on Rush . . . a beautiful place and an amazing songster . . . Ella Fitzgerald at the GRAND TERRACE . . . Should you want to splurge, go to CHEZ PAREE, which boasts Abe Lyman's band and Harry Richman . . . a real double-header . . . For a real thrill try the STRATOSPHERE CLUB, atop the Pure Oil Bldg . . . Other extreme is the medieval IVAN-HOE . . . way down deep.

Parroting

(Continued from page 18)

of things, it was reserved for nurses especially.

Tom James (the Pride of Lemon Grove, California, and BΘΠ) seemed to have a little trouble with the girls back home. That smooth college line that he brought back just didn't work on the local girls. We love you though, Tom.

In spite of football players, Delts, etc., Bev Coffman (ΠΒΦ) is still seen with Louis Wyne (ΦΔΘ).

Lots of N. U.'s favorite glamour girls went out of circulation this summer to the tune of the wedding march. Lee Gorman (ΑΘΠ) and Jay Laskay (ΑΧΑ) are now mrandmrs. Also Jo Balhatchet (ΚΚΓ) and Paul Zemple took the vows, as did Ginnie Anderson (ΓΦΒ) with Dick Wells (ΦΚΨ) and Maude Eichmann (ΔΓ) avec Bob Johnson. Joy Hawley (ΚΚΓ) and Duke Vance (ΣΝ alum) took the step. Brother Ag and sister Martha (Vance and Fudge) are on next year's waiting list.

The summer did some breaking as well as making, however. Tiger Lewis (ΦΚΣ) has his pin back from Jo Hayes (ΚΑΘ). Also B. J. Schumann (ΑΧΘ) is only wearing one pin again and Jimmy Chapman (ΣΑΕ) is making the most of it. Mardel Jerrick (ΓΦΒ) gave Orv Harmening's Lambda Chi crest back too.

The new school year should bring lots of new developments so again we shall put our ears to the keyhole and our noses to the grind stone. Don't look so smug, chum. We'll get you next time.

Poll Story

These were voted tops as the three sweetest words in the English language:

1. I love you.
 2. Dinner is served.
 3. All is forgiven.
 4. Sleep till noon.
 5. Keep the change.
 6. Here's that five.
- And the saddest were:
1. External use only.
 2. Buy me one.
 3. Out of gas.
 4. Dues not paid.
 5. Funds not sufficient.
 6. Rest in peace.

—Panther

Captain of the team: "Well, coach, we're going to present you with a victory on your birthday."

Coach: "Good, I was expecting the usual tie."

Teacher: Can you name the Sister States?

Phi Bete: Missouri, Idaho, Maryland, CallieFornia, AllieBama, Louisiana, DelaWare, and MinneSota.

"Is your roommate broadminded?"

"Say, that's all he thinks of."



"Those flying Flannagans are always showing off!"

HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



AL'S NEW CAR won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny—it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



HE TOLD AL to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend always wins! Try a tin!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE ground lid seals flavor in... brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network

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BURY THE DEAD

"Whose funeral is that?"

"Tom Jones'."

"You don't mean it!"

"What do you think he's doing—
practicing?"

Taxi Driver: "Five dollars and
twenty cents, please."

Drunk: "Back up to fifty cents. Itsh
all I got."

A skeptical man was Bill Feeter
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter
He pulled out a match,
And gave it a scratch
"Good morning," he said to St. Peter

**We'll Give You
the Kind of
HAIRCUT**

You Want

MANICURE

**CLASSIC
Barber Shop**

Opposite Varsity Theatre

And Ahead

(Continued from page 9)

ture as well as the present needs of
the university.

In 1951, Northwestern will be a
century old. To celebrate the event,
a century plan has been initiated
which is to bring Northwestern to a
peak of development by that date.
The plan is not yet fully developed,
but New Willard, Scott hall, the new
institute of Technology, a new gym-
nasium, and three new men's dorms
are already a part of the building
program toward that plan. An ac-
companying development in the
teaching staff is also intended. The
Alumni are aiding this drive with a
closer knit yet more all inclusive
alumni organization. Mr. Jay Gerber,
head of the New Student Department,
is doing all in his power to bring
the most desirable students from
each high school graduating class to
Northwestern. These are the steps
which the administration itself is
taking toward a better Northwestern.

In the true sense, however, the
Century plan is not complete. The
Administration is anxious to gain
the cooperation of the student body
as the vital interested group who can
help to make the Century plan a
complete success. Promotion and
publicity are as necessary to its suc-
cess as to any business venture. It
has been suggested that the national
fraternities and sororities hold their
conventions here sometime within
the next twelve years. Other student
organizations might work to help the
university gain national notice. These
are but ideas—the students can make
them plans.

We have admitted to taking up
Mr. Kline's time to gain information
about the buildings already planned.
The more visionary aspects upon
which we have just been discoursing
were gained from a different office,
that of the Department of Develop-
ment. This department, authorized

Listening In

At registration: "Why, hello. Did'ja
have a nice vaca—?" "It's simple.
A snap course." "—yes, but my ad-
viser said—" "No, not that one, I
mean the one next to her. Not ba—" "Well, you see I won't have much
time for study, I've got a lot of things
planned and—" "—got a friend for
me?" "What a mess." "The only de-
cent course in the whole damn—" "No, he's not cute, but he plays foot-
ball." "—taking B7, too?" "All the
notes from last year's—" "—ja hear
the one about Hitler? Well—" "—
wouldn't sign up for one of his classes
if—" "Where do you get your
books?" "Where I come from—" "Will you tell me where I can find
the—" "Sorry, I forgot." "—fill out
your subscription for the Purple
Par—" "I'll see you at eight. Don't
keep me wait—" "Whew! That's
done for another semester."

Dorothy Tiker

Onward, onward, time in thy flight!
Make the bell ring before I recite!

by trustees and carried out by its
present head, Mr. Gonsler, is the
fountainhead for Northwestern's
many recent developments. Far-
flung visions originate here, and are
promoted to reality. Through the
change in administrative heads of
the university, we may depend upon
this department to be a constant fac-
tor in Northwestern development.

We talked over these visions with
Mr. Gonsler in his office, which ad-
joins the offices of the president. His
enthusiasm about Northwestern was
great enough to impress even this
cynical reporter. If he and the other
administrative officials have their
way, and they all impress us as men
capable of realizing dreams into re-
alities, we alumni of 1951 will have
an Alma Mater of which we may well
be proud.

E. L. KAPPELMAN, PRINTER

Extends a hearty welcome to students & faculty of Northwestern

Printer to the Purple for thirty years. Our work is pleasing and reasonable.

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Looking Backwards

(Continued from page 8)

the few remaining trail trees, which marked a Pottawatomie trail through what is now the Northwestern campus. Another oak, which may be observed between the Commerce School and Deering Library, was deformed by the Indians and was used as a marker along the same trail.

The Old College building, oldest remaining structure on campus, is not in its original location. At first it stood on the corner of Davis and Hinman Streets and was later moved nearer the lake as the campus expanded along the lake front. It was enlarged in its new location to make room for a preparatory school, which for a while had a greater attendance than the university itself.

Heck Hall, which stood near the present site of the Commerce School, was built as a dormitory for theological students at the university. In February of 1914 the then old structure broke out in flames from a cause as yet undiscovered. Both the Evanston and Chicago fire departments were on the scene, but ice had interfered with the water supply, and the building burned completely.

The story goes that in the charred shell which remained, an old owl took up her residence. In the spring of the year, several little owlets appeared. It soon became popular for the young men to walk with young women on cool spring evenings along the path in front of the deserted hall. The object, of course, was to induce the young women to enjoy the protection of the wily males, for the hoots of owls and little owlets flying about in the dark are frightful things.

Heck Hall appears on all the old maps of this region, and often it is shown enclosed with barbed wire fences. These fences were built to prevent the "university cows," which were pastured in the meadows to the south of the building, from wandering too close to the hall.

So we decided that all this talk about new buildings and rearrangement of structures on the campus wasn't so important after all. Northwestern is just as old as it is new.



Old Folks:
When is the younger generation coming to?

Answers To Style Quiz on Page 29

1. Leading stylists agree that the popular spectator sports suit will be the three-button, single-breasted, tweed.
2. The new Cordovans for campus have black rubber soles.
3. Men like knit ties—because they like them.
4. The most popular town suit pattern this Fall is stripes.
5. A 10 to 15 per cent advance in the prices of yarns and fabrics for men's clothing presage higher clothing prices this year.
6. Take your pick.
7. The shirt should make a color and pattern contribution, but not dominate.
8. Belts for Fall follow the trend to narrowness.
9. Sleeveless sweaters look particularly well, because they can be worn instead of a vest.
10. The collarless idea this season has been borrowed by the robe department.
11. The balmacaan with set-in sleeves is a new style in fall topcoats due for attention.
12. Leading reversible styles have tweed (or shetland) on one side, woolen gabardine on the other.
13. In sports suits off-shade effects are produced usually by alternating two solid colors, yarn for yarn.
14. Wool and worsted are resilient and help the tie to hold its shape.
15. The single-breasted dinner jacket can be used with wing collar and white waistcoat for a slightly more formal ensemble than the double-breasted one.
16. Covert cloth slacks will undoubtedly retain their popularity this year.
17. The smart tail coat of the season has the slightly curved rather than straight line opening.
18. Tab collar, button-down, rounded, rugged, and long are all popular types of collars this year.
19. This season "gold" will be considered the new thing in jewelry.
20. The "Ivy League" campuses of the east have long produced the new styles in college men's clothing.

A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted each month, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver Flavors. Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication.



On campus, Henry walked alone,
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,
And now he's treated like a prince.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.



Tail Feathers

MICROBES AND YOUR CROBES

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know Biology
So I sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone.
The Chaser

The magician walked down to the
footlights and asked a young lady to
step up on the stage.

"Now, as a climax to my act,
ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I
am going to saw this young lady in
two, right before your eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped
its feet.

"As is customary before doing this
trick," he continued, "I'd like first
to make sure that you all want to
see . . ."

A thundering "Sure!"

"And that there are no objections
to my performing . . ."

A "No" that rocked the house.

"The girl's sorority sisters — do
they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you," he asked turn-
ing to the girl. "Do you mind being
sawed in two?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the young lady in
two.

We all thought it was funny as hell,
but the police made quite a fuss
about it.

Two mosquitoes once lit on the fea-
tures

Of two fair and peroxidized crea-
tures.

When asked by what right,

They replied, "We're not tight,

We're just seeing the game from
the bleachers."—Pelican.

Prof: "What is geometry?"

Stude: "The little acorn grew and
grew, and one day woke up and
said, 'Gee-om-etry'."

—Trail Blazer

MEDICOS

The surgeon is a humorist,
In fact it's his vocation;
He'll keep a man in stitches
For a small remuneration.

Motorist to man he just ran over:
"Hey, look out back there!"
Defeated soul: "What's the matter,
y' ain't coming back, are you?"
—Exchange

Shakespeare once said, "Vanity,
thy name is woman"—guess he never
stood on an "L" platform near a
gum machine.

I had a little dog. I call him Au-
gust. August was fond of jumping
at conclusions, especially at the
cow's conclusion. One day he jump-
ed at the mule's conclusion. The
next day was the first of September.

His best friends wouldn't tell him
so he flunked the exam.

Prof: "I'm giving you a zero in this
quiz."

Stude: "That means nothing in my
life."



Stop! T'hell with the constellations.

THE MEN'S STORE
ANNOUNCES
the
opening of the



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